

# THALIAS BANQVET:

Furnished with an hundred  
*and odde dishes of newly devi-*  
sed grammes,

Whereunto (beside many worthy  
*friends)* are invited all that  
loue in offensive mirth,  
*and the Muses.*

By H. P.



LONDON,  
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES,  
for Francis Constable, dwelling in Pauls  
Church-yard, at the signe of the  
white Lyon. 1630.

# T H A T B A N O V E T :

It is furnished with an hundred  
and odd different of newly de-  
signed

Whetstones (belonging many words  
(friends) are wanted all this  
time in the office of the  
author.

By H. P.



LONDON,  
Printed by N. & J. H. O. L. S. & C. O. S.  
for James Gresham, dwelling in St. Pauls  
Church-yard, at the sign of the  
White Lion.

TO THE MOST HONORABLE MINDED  
and best deservuing of the Muses,  
Mr. DAY DAVY, of *Riddlesworth,*  
*in the County of Norfolk.*

HONORED SIR,

**M**Y THALIA well knowing that  
you are the Treasurer of the Shire,  
for that (I mean not money) which  
a number want, is bold (if her pas-  
port bee not out of date) to visit  
you in her iourney: she knoweth you, she tels me,  
for your excellent parts from among five hun-  
dred, and is verily perswaded you will stand her  
friend. Her entertainement hitherto hath beene  
none of the best, which I can impure to no other  
thing, then as in *Barbary* the sterility of the Soyle,  
otherwise rich enough. Sir, in brieft, shee is sure  
you are the man can iudge: to put her selfe vpon  
the Countrey, were to appeal to IGNORANCE,  
and hazard her Innocence, which dares approach  
euen the most seuerer Tribunall: whatsoeuer she

*The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

16, shee submits her selfe vnto your censure; In the  
meane time, humbly requesting you to take the  
preeminence (as you deserue) and vpper end of  
her Table, she taketh leave,

MORALIE MINDED

and best deservyng of the Rules,

*Who with my selfe, shall ever*

*be deuoted yours,*

HENRY PEACHAM.

Docto

Docto & Candido Lectori

S.

**N**E omnino ineptire videar, secum (Benigne  
Lector) serio agendum. Annus iam agitur octavus  
ex quo (Minerva nostrâ publicâ factâ horis)  
magis Poeticis in totum renunciârim, et inco-  
nibus istis relictis, me ad seria magis ac utilia.

---

THALIA

THALIA loquitur.

**VV** Elcome, welcome to our feast,  
Every understanding guest,  
From the Colledge and the Hall,  
Welcome Academicks all,  
Brittaines Magazines of wit,  
Jungs of Courts repaire to it,  
And come Courtiers ye that be  
The Mirror of faire courtesie,  
Citizens ye that were made  
As well for learning as for trade,  
Come braue spirits of the Realme,  
Vnshaded of the ACADEMIE  
That in the Countrey there and here,  
Like starres in midst of Clouds appeare.  
Make no stay, for man by nature  
Is a sociable Creature:  
And brane Souldiers take a truce,  
A while to reuell with his Muse,  
Since our steele hath borne Armes too,  
He cannot chuse but welcome you:  
Come faire Ladies ye that will,  
Heere is nought obscure or ill,

And your maids Attendants, just  
witty wenches let them come,  
By CYRRHATHRY shall welcome be,  
To my Poet and to me,  
My banquet is prepar'd for W I T,  
Not FOLLY dare to touch a bit.

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To

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To my Reader.

Epigram 1.

**R**eaders, if that thy curious eye will needes  
Dwel on a while these rude & ranker weedes,  
Take leaue; and ere a while this Masse of ours  
Shal bring thee lapfull of her choisest flowers.

Vpon T V L L V S.

Epigram 2.

**T V L L V S** who was a Tailor by profession,  
Is late turn'd Lawyer, and of large possession:  
who before did cut but countrey freeze,  
Now cuts the Countrey in excessive fees.

To L A S L I V S.

Epigram 3.

**P**ri'thee **L A S L I V S** doe me but the grace,  
T' expresse thy selfe in that about thy gate  
written, *Here we haue no dwelling place*:  
What, doost thou meane, our worldly fickle state,  
Or rather (which I take to be the right)  
Thou canst endure no guest about a night?

Vpon

*Epigram.*

Vpon FV MOSO.

*Epigram 4.*

**F**V MOSO now beginning to decline  
Takes onely care how he may come by coyne,  
And dayly wisheth these B O H E M I A N iarres  
Would set all Christendome at deadly warres,  
For him t'were better vpsie Gull doth sweare,  
Moreouer England very well might spare  
Ten hundred thousand men, enow to beat,  
The Emp'rour, Pope and Turke out of his seate:  
Not that FV MOSO, trust me, meanes to fight,  
Or dares march further then his chymneies sight,  
A noted coward, but the truth to tell,  
He hath a rusty musquet he would sell.

To Mr. BEN IONNSON:

*Epigram 5.*

Since more cannot be added to thy Fame,  
Enough tis onely to expresse thy Name.

To Mr. I. Selden of the  
Inner Temple.

*Epigram 6:*

**L**ooke how a late-come Painter to the strand  
Doth forme a place the Peasants in sight.

Of some remarqued Statesman of our Land,  
To grace his shop, and buyers to inuite;  
So learned Sir, I here prefixe your name,  
And looke to thrive the better for the same:

To Mr. Edward Hayward,

*Epigram 7.*

I know it were but highly to offend,  
To seuer you fir, from so true a friend,  
When euen ENVY is enforce'd to blesse  
Your (each enioying either) Happinesse.

Vpon LAVINA.

*Epigram 8.*

LAVINA brought abed, her husband lookes,  
To knowe's child's fortune throughout his bookes:  
His neighbors think h'had need search backward rather,  
And learne for certaine who had beene the father.

Vpon DARE an vpstart Poet.

*Epigram 9.*

DARE a fresh Author to a friend did boast,  
Hee'd shew in Cheape his name vpon a post,  
But did DARE's friend to's hostesse house but walke,  
Spce'd shew't him there on euery post in chalke.

Vpon

*Epigram.*

Vpon TAMBYRRO.

*Epigram 10.*

TAMBYRRO now, what ere his friends do say,  
At last will thrive, and all his debts go pay,  
For by his wit (he boasts) and pleasing tongue,  
H' hath won a wench that's wondrous faire and young,  
Well borne, well qualifi'd, rich, modest, wise,  
And shall be worth, if that an Vnckle dies,  
In land foure hundred by the yeere, at least,  
Beside odde remnants in her mothers chest:  
'Tis true, the match is halfe concluded, he  
Is wondrous willing with it, but not she.

Vpon SORANZO.

*Epigram 11.*

SORANZO's broad-brimm'd hat I oft compare  
To the vast compasse of the heauenly sphære,  
His head, the Earth's Globe fixed vnder it,  
Whose Center is his wondrous little wit.

TO VELLIVA.

*Epigram 12.*

Thou swear'st I bowle as well as most men doe,  
The most are bunglers, therein thou saist true.

Epigram 13:

**T**He Countrey, God be thanked, well is rid  
Of Beggars, which, they say, Iudge Popham did:  
But if he could the Court as well have freed,  
Then he had done a worthy Act indeed.

Vpon the Turkish Alkaron.

Epigram 4.

**T**he Turkes hold this opinion very odde,  
That madmens soules are talking still with God,  
And that to be an Ideot or a Vice,  
Is th'onely way to purchase Paradise:  
If this be true their *Alkaron* relate,  
Our *Paritani* were sure in happy state.

Vpon Boone.

Epigram 15.

**V**Hen vnto *Boone* a booke was brought to sweare,  
He prayd the Iudge he would that labour spare,  
For there's no oath (quoth *Boone*) that you can name,  
But perfect I without booke haue the same.

In Diuites.

Epigram 16.

**R**Ich men their wealth as children rattles keepe,  
When plaid a while with't, then they fall asleepe.

Vpon

Vpon Richard.

Epigram 17.

**T**hrough Pauls Church-yard as Dick came reeling  
He stumbling fell into an empty trunke, (drunk,  
And laine a while did verily suppose,  
He had beene buried quicke and in his clothe,  
Sane that the vpper stone vpon his graue,  
By night was stollen by some cunning knaue,  
Dick halfe awake, be thought him of his state,  
And that lewd course of life he liued in,  
Yet long hereof for this Dick could not thinke,  
But drawer cries, now for thy smallest drinke.

Vpon Gellia.

Epigram 18.

**V**hen Gellia went to schoole and was a girl,  
Her teeth for whiteness might compare with pearl,  
But after she the taste of sweete meates knew,  
They turn'd all Opals to a perfect blow,  
Now Gellia takes Tobacco, what should let,  
But last they should conueried be to let?

Vpon Nasura.

Epigram 19.

**V**hen at the Table once I did surre,  
Well taken Disorders best did please the eare,

And would be indg'd by any Quaffer,  
Were in the Chappell, Paules or Westminster,  
Nasute sitting at the neather end,  
(First hauing drunke and cough'd) quoth he my friend,  
If that were true, my wife and I, I feare,  
Should soone be sent for to the Arch-dukes Quire.

Vpon the Ass.

Epigram 30.

THE Ass a Courtier on a time would be,  
And trauaild forraine fashions for to see,  
But home returned, fashion he could none,  
His mane and taile were onely larger growne.

Vpon Vertue, Mistresse Millers maid,

Epigram 31.

S AITH Aristotle, Vertue ought to be  
Communi'd with of her selfe and free,  
And hath not Mistresse Miller's maide bene so,  
Who's growne hereby as big as she can go?

To the nobly-disposed, modest, and faire Sisters,  
Mistresse Alberta, and my euer-honored Mistresse,  
Mistresse Anne Dudley.

Epigram 32.

IF to admire and sell the world yee are,  
Of all I know, (sweete Maids) about compare

For

For bounty, beauty, wit, and goodly grace,  
Th'extracted quint' essence of your noble race,  
Would pay that euerslasting summe I owe  
To your respectfull fauours well I know,  
I should as much adde to your worth as he  
That gilds his di'mond, links the luorie,  
And by these Titles rather you dishonor,  
Which euery wayting maid hath pinn'd vpon her  
Now by her Masters Clarke; since praises common  
As perrukes are growne stale with euery woman.  
So let me thrue as euer I abuse  
Chaste Poësie, and prostitute my Muse,  
T'vnworthinesse, or follow the hot sent  
Of rising Greatnesse, with shee tablement,  
Or letter of an idle name, rehearse,  
That's empty of Deserts in all my verse.

To the learned and euery way accomplished,  
*Sir Hamond Strange*, Knight.

*Epigram 23.*

Sir, though you are a stranger to our time,  
And live a farre as in another clime,  
Our Muse her flight with nimble wing doth take,  
To gratulate you for good Letters sake;  
So with the same some needles touch'd agree,  
And hold one motion, though remote they be.

Vpon a Spanish Souldier:

*Epigram 24.*

A Spanish Souldier sicke vnto the death,  
His Physick too's Physicion did bequeath,



*Epigram.*

Who did demand, what should the reason be,  
'Boue other things to giue him that (quoth he)  
This with your practise ioyned you, may kill,  
Sir, all aliue, and haue the world at will.

*To Laura.*

*Epigram 25.*

**I**f true as common that old prouerbe be,  
A blacke man is in beauties eye a pearle;  
To prooue thy selfe as faire as any she,  
Then *Laura* loue, and liue with me my girl.

*Vpon Count Surly.*

*Epigram 26.*

**C**ount *Surly* will no scholler entertaine,  
Or any wiser then himselfe, how so?  
The reason is, when fooles are in his traine,  
His wit amongst them, makes a goodly show.

*Vpon Coryden.*

*Epigram 27.*

**A** Home-spunne peasant in his manner rude,  
His Vrine brought close stopped in a glasse,  
Vnto his Doctor, who when it had view'd,  
Demanded straight what countie man he was,  
Quoth *Coryden*, with making legs full low,  
Your worship that shall by my water know.

Epigram 18.

Upon Otho.

Epigram 19.

Three daughters Otho hath his onely heires  
But will by no meanes haue them learne to write,  
Cause (after his owne humour) much he feares,  
The'ill one day learne loue letters to indure,  
The youngest now's with child, & she taught her then,  
Or of her selfe learn'd she to hold her pen?  
To the Noble minded and most worthy, Master  
Thomas Knyvet of Asbyslbury.

Epigram 19.

Your Great learn'd Grandfire to you at his death,  
Accomplish'd <sup>1</sup> Mars with <sup>2</sup> Vallis did bequeath,  
And since I beare you so laid your plot,  
That <sup>3</sup> Venus (or a fairer) you haue got.

\* A goodly Armory of as any in all Norfolk, with an excellent furnished Library choise booke, and very rare antiquities.

\* The brist and beautifull Gentlewoman his wife, daughter to the Lord Borough, wate whom he was lately married.

To the Towne of *Wymondham*  
in *Norfolk*.

*Epigram 30.*

*Epigram 30.*

**W**illiam I loue thee, and I loue thy toyle,  
Yet euer loath'd that neuer ceasing toyle  
Of thy faire Schoole, which whiles that it was free,  
My selfe the Master lost my libertie.

*Vpon Indeedla.*

*Epigram 31.*

**I**n *Indeedla* grumbles much that bee a penny,  
Is leuied in collection to the poore:  
*Indeedla* but you are the first of any,  
Will contribute vnto a handsome

*In Diana maritus allegorizatum.*

*Epigram 32.*

**A**lthough my name *Diana* (husband) be,  
Yare no *Adam* I am sure, quoth she.  
Thanks wife, replied hee, I did neuer feare,  
Thou'dst lay vpon mee more then I could beare:

To Maister *William Baker*, Secretarie vnto  
my L. G. of *Cantuarburie*.

*Epigram 33.*

**S**ic midst the great employments and the toyle,  
That do distract you in affaires of State,

*Epigram.*

Remit your cares and high raised thoughts a while;  
And see what Flowers our barren soile of late,  
Vnthought of hath produc'd, or rather weedes,  
That shew their heads before the better seedes.

Though like a cunning Herbalist you know,  
Such haue their Tealons and their virtues all,  
Yet if you finde that heerein ought doth grow  
Vnwholesome, ill, I'lle hurle it o're the wall  
While others censure gladly wee do heare,  
Your iudgment onely puts vs in a feare.

To Maister *Christopher Sherland* of *Graies*  
*Inne.*

*Epigram 34.*

**B**Eloued Sir, since you haue followed me,  
In your vnthought of Iourney thorough *France*,  
The lower *Belgia* and high *Germanie*,  
I wish againe it were, my happy chance,  
To follow you, and my estate to raise,  
By thrift the onely trauaile of our daies.

Vpon an *Italian* Prouerbe.

*Epigram 35.*

**T**hree women met vpon the market day,  
Do make a market, (they do vse to say  
In *Italy*) and why their tongues do walke,  
As loud as if an hundred men did talke.  
Some hearing this, swore, had his wife beene there,  
And made a fourth, there might haue beene a Faier.

*Epigram.*

Vpon *Hugh.*

*Epigram 36.*

**H***ugh* should haue gone to *Oxford* th' other day;  
But turu'd at *Tiberne*, and so lost his way.

An Epitaph vpon a Colliar.

*Epigram 37.*

**H**ere lies the Colliar *in* *Dashes*,  
By whom death nothing gain'd, he swore;  
For living he was dust and ashes,  
And being dead he is no more.

To Maister *Michael Drayton*:

*Epigram 38.*

**W**hat thinkst thou worthy *Michael* of our Times,  
When onely Almanack and ballad times  
Are in request now, where those Worthies be,  
Who formerly did cherish poesie,  
Where is *Augustus* oh no rather she,  
Would lend an eare vnto thy Melodie.  
Sweete poetresse her selfe, where's *Sarrey*, and,  
Our *Phoenix Sydney*, *Essex*, *Comberland*  
With numbers mee, of whom we are bereft,  
That scarce a prop th' abandon'd *Muse* hath left.  
But what's the reason? they that list define  
For mee, except the same of *Arelinc*.

*Epigram 38.*

Who one day asked why that Great ones now,  
Will no reward to Poetry allow?

Replied, because Their Conscience doth suggest,  
In Poets praise they haue no interest.

Moreover would you haue them take in hand,  
To Patterne that they cannot understand

Vpon Drumme.

*Epigram 39.*

Drumme by descent swears he's a Gentleman,  
For's father can set stones and make a Jewell.

And Drumme, as well as he, reports he can,  
Set stones, but how? in mortar with a trowell.

Of my selfe.

*Epigram 40.*

I do not loue to guild or reare my friends,

Beyond desert, which rather discommends;

Their worth and me, and like great Hattons tombe

Keepes some good after-commers from a roome.

To Mistris *Alice Apsey* daughter to the virtuouſ

Lady the *L. Apsey*.

*Epigram 41.*

As Virgins when with dainty fingers wanner  
Their girlouds, place the faireſt flowers in view,

So heere I ſet your beauty by your ſchuyler

To grace my booke (faire maide) and honor you.

To

*Epigram.*

To Sir Iohn Heringham.

*Epigram 41.*

**I**F *Honesty* in any one place rest,  
She, Sir, hath tane her lodging in your breast.

Vpon *Prosa*.

*Epigram 42.*

**U**Nstaid *Prosa* hath run thorough all,  
Almost the story of the *Prodigall*.  
Long since his portions spent, and out of doores,  
He does confesse he beaten was by whores.  
And in a Country farre hence I he be sworne,  
I saw him all to tamer and be torne.  
Yet swears, he neuer with the Hogs did dine,  
That's true, for none durst trust him with their swine.

Vpon *Santomar*.

*Epigram 44.*

**W**Hen of my wit *Santomar* vs he would make,  
My Hopes he suckles with vaine proccations,  
Of this and that he will do for my sake,  
And all to saue his purse (as is the fashion?)  
As if by fauour of his Prince he rise,  
I as his braunth withall my head shall reare,  
Or if his old and wealthy father dies,  
My Fortunes then are made, I need not feare.

Epigram 43.  
Keepe to himselfe his *Hypothetique* Tone,  
Giue me the *Categorique*, or else none.

To *Emson*.

Epigram 43.

**E***msou* thou once in Dutch wouldst court a wench,  
But to thy cost she answer'd thee in French.

Vpon *Dryg*.

Epigram 46.

**T**He *Cockhold Dryg* a chymicall professor,  
Once with his wife a wager venture would,  
Hee'd ride 40 *Stamps* and backe ere she could dress her,  
From head to foote, make al the hast she could.  
They both agreed, away then rid the mome,  
While she dress'd him, and rid as fast at home.

Vpon my friend a certaine Yeoman  
of *Norfolk*,

Epigram 47.

**A** *Norfolke* Yeoman faine *Esquire* would be,  
And one day ask'd me what an *Armes* would cost  
Desert, quoth I, must winne gentility;  
Or else both labour and your monie's lost.  
Yet say but wherein you haue well deserued,  
Perhaps I cause the Herald stand your friend,  
My Cart (quoth he) now thrice the king hath serued.

And



*Epigram.*

And once I was a pikeman at *Milt-end*,  
Then would I wish (quoth I) your armes might be,  
The bloudie pike, and broken Axel-tree.  
And for your crest, the law of Armes allow'th,  
A Tumbler with a dumpling in his mouth.

*Vpon Sir Hugh.*

*Epigram 48.*

**A** Free-schoole Maister in a Country Towne,  
For's Idlenesse was brought before the Maior;  
Who with his Brethren, each in's Fox-surr'd gowne,  
Examind him one day vpon thei's Faire.

And told him how the neighbours did complaine  
Abhominably of his negligence,  
And that within a while he must be faine  
Prouide him elsewhere, and be packing thence.

An Alderman who seemed was his friend,  
This hearing, humble Maister Maior did pray,  
He might stay still, because he could commend  
His diligence, what e're the rest did say.  
For (I quoth he) haue three boies of mine owne,  
And towardly whosons though I say't that should not,  
That now these ten yeares with Sir Hugh haue gone,  
And at their comming first vnto him could not  
One line or letter of the Booke; but now  
They haue so profited, that (by my say)  
I'll venter on their heads my brindled cow  
With any Boy at dist-point they shall play,  
(Tis much quoth Maister Maior) nay more then that,  
Take them who dares at nine-holes, cardes or car.

*Epigram.*

To my kind and learned friend Maister  
*Owen Hughes* of *Remerstone*  
in N.

*Epigram 49.*

**T**Here was a time when all our songes and tales,  
Of Welchmen, Sir, were made and of your Wales:  
But since we see those times are altered so,  
That now for wondrous honest men yee go.

To some kinde of Readers.

*Epigram 50.*

**T**His booke of mine I liken to a glasse, (all:  
Wherein the foole may looke and laugh his  
He having done with't, Readers, as yee passe,  
Heere take and vse it as long as you will.

To Maister *Sam. Simson* fellow of *Trinitie*  
*Colledge in Cambridge.*

*Epigram 51.*

**S**O let me Sir of heaven beloued bee,  
As I do loue my Nurse your *Trinitie*;  
Whereof I was a member, bleeding yet,  
To thinke how rawly I was torne from it:  
But wholly not diuided though in part,  
Since (fellowes) yet amongst you liues my heart.

*Epigram 52.*  
**Vpon Septimio.**

**Epigram 52.**

**S**eptimio with strong arguments averres,  
That women are your onely counsellors,  
And shewes examples out of antique stories,  
What Trophæ's haue beene reared to their glories,  
What States and goodly commonwealthes were leene,  
Where onely women haue commanders beene,  
Septimius, it's no women heere dispraise,  
Yet thus much say, hadst thou in these our daies,  
By some bene rul'd, for all thy reasoning thus,  
Tiborne had put thee to a scule *non-plus*.

**Vpon Sir Lausfranke and his  
dog.**

**Epigram 53.**

**S**ir Lausfranke's dog a Capon roasted whot,  
At a Lords table out the dish had got:  
Enquiry made when all were set to dine,  
Whose sawcy cuise it was (quoth Lausfrank) mine,  
I pray your Lordship not offended bee,  
I vse my dog as *Coutiers* do, quoth he,  
Their followers he getteth nought by guift,  
I giue him count'nance, and so let him shift.

To the Nobly disposed and truely Honora-  
bly minded Sir Thomas Southwell.

*Epigram.*

*Epigram 54.*

**H**ow euer Heauens haue sorted my estate,  
 They neuer, sir, could make me yet ingrate:  
 Or to forget (much lesse abuse) the bow,  
 From whence I pluck'd the mellow pearre but now:  
 Like the bale meane, who beside their food,  
 Will rent off armes, and carrie home the wood.  
 No, with respect Ile euer blesse the tree,  
 Whose fruite hath fed, or shelter shaded mee:  
 Nor fall the noblest plant in all thy countie,  
 For euen vprightnes, solid heart, and bounty.

To the onely fauourer of the Muse and all  
 Excellencie, Maister *Drus Drurie*  
 of *Riddlefworth*.

*Epigram 55.*

**B**eloued Sir, I oft haue thought vpon,  
 But neuer saw, as yet, your Helicon,  
 Where with the Muses sole you sit retired,  
 And most vnseene when you are most admired:

To either Vniuersitie,

*Epigram 56.*

**I**ndolgent Mother and kind Aunt no where  
 Throughout all Europe find I such a paire,  
 Of matchles Sisters, who (as it is sayd,  
 Of English beauties) all the world vpbraide

*Epigrams.*

With your transcendent worths, and daze the eie  
Of wonders selfe with loue and maiesty.  
That *Salamanca* nor the *Oliue vale*,  
The fam'd *Conimbra* in burn'd *Portugale*,  
*Appollo's* garden by the banks of *Pa*,  
*Paris* (our *Harries* sometimes) *Liege* nor *Lry*,  
Do better heare in other landes, then yee.  
From whose faire breasts those sacred Springs arise,  
That turne our *ile* into a *Paradise*.  
From whose faire breasts those milkey rivers runne,  
That thousands feede, else thousandes were vndone.  
Oh were it not that some are wean'd too young,  
And some do suck (like *Essex* calves) too long!

*To Persens.*

*Epigram 57.*

**G**OOD *Persens* who ventur'd st many a knock,  
To saue *Andromed* from the dreary rock.  
Though her hard hap t'was afterward to be,  
In faster bands then when thou set'st her free.

To my true friend and euery way accom-  
plished Maister *Wentworth Bradburie*.

*Epigram 57.*

**B**Eloued Sir, if that your *Norfolk* should,  
Conceale some one man from the common view,  
Who learned Learning iustly vlew could,  
And giue both *Artes* and all good *Partes* their due.  
(Not from a vulgar iudgement and a minde,

*Epigram.*

That's merely *Norfolk* harted, hard and drie,  
But from experience, and your skill refine  
By trauaile, both in *France* and *Italie*;  
And had me name him from among the rest,  
Your selfe the Man I presently had ghes'd.

To my Kind friend Captaine *Henry Lucy*,  
the Paragon of *Chinabry*.

*Epigram 48.*

Sir, if true valour with sound honesty,  
A hart & hand that neuer failes his friend,  
The *Badges* of the bravest spirits be,  
And best that man can even in man commend:  
I wish I might the whole world one day see,  
Your men to weare them with your livery.

Vpon *Podarges*.

*Epigram 59.*

*Podarges* hath one onely sonne and heire,  
An Ideot, which put's him in a feare,  
If he were dead; he would bee begd by some,  
Wherefore he doth for learned counsell come  
To *Grab* his neighbour dwelling on the green,  
Who of that hundred best in law is scene,  
*Grab* doth advise him to strike vp a match,

*Epigram.*

With *Del* the daughter of his neighbour *Patch*,  
Or, for a foole before that he be cited, (ted.)  
And lose his land, with speed to get him knigh-

*Vpon Rosimus.*

*Epigram 60.*

**M**ishaps aswell by water as by land,  
Our humane frailty euery houre attend,  
With all his wit which man cannot withstand.  
As may appeare by *Rosimus* my friend,  
Who going to Duke *Humbries* to sup,  
Was on the *Thames* by Baylies snapped vp.

*Vpon Sir R.*

*Epigram 61.*

**H**is wife or servant to be halfe a foole,  
A knight I know by *London*, wisheth oft  
But what's his reason? marry Sir *O Toole*,  
Himselfe would make the other halfe, tis thought.

To Maister *Baribolomeu Hales* Iustice of  
the peace in the towne of  
*Warwicke.*

*Epigram 61.*

*Epigram 61:*

Whethersoever Sir, it be my chance,  
To see your face yet once again, or no;  
You euer live in my remembrance.  
And since I cannot pay the debt I ow  
To your desert, yet will I haue it told,  
To one vnthankfull you gaue not your gold:

To Maister Thomas Townsend of  
Testerton.

*Epigram 63.*

Right worthy sir, for that respect and cheere,  
I found at your comparelesse Testerton,  
With my best friends I do inuite you heere.  
Vnto our Muses meane collation. (dōwne,  
Which far your bounteous entertaine put  
The only best housekeeper in your towne.

Vpon Gemma.

*Epigram 64.*

His orders Gemma quite hath throwne away,  
And ward in colours roaring Boy, they say.



*Epigram.*

His friends though thinke hee lo preach and pray agen,  
His clarke the Hangman but must say Amen.

*To Anthony my Stationer.*

*Epigram 65.*

A Souldier, Scholler, and an honest man,  
I euer loued Anthony as life;  
Thou art no Souldier, but art honest, when  
We know for certaine that thou hadst a wife,  
And I dare sweare by sacred Hippocrene,  
Thou wantst no learning (in thy shop I meane.)

*Vpon Gloriosas house.*

*Epigram 66.*

SEE yee you braue house which Gloriosa built,  
Another Rabels do disguise his name,  
Or rather Rable with the turken gait,  
An hundred smokesles chymnies in the same,  
Whose frontispice is window all and glasse,  
That doth both high-way & the town affront,  
As if it bad obedience to the Assie  
Sir Countrey-Puffe who is the owner on't.  
You'd little thinke that Barley and the Beane,  
Affordes their purest manchet when they dine,  
And that their only curre is growne so lean,  
He is not able for to hold a Swine,  
While he and's Mule lie in the Citie stabled,  
All winter long & auoid the parish poore;

*Epigram 65.*

His colts and groomes though yonder still are tumbled;  
The dog, a girl, the shepherd, and no more.

*Vpon God-damners band.*

*Epigram 67.*

**W**Hat is the reason of God-damners band  
Inch deepe, and that his fashion doth not alter?  
God-damner saues a labour, vnderstand,  
In pulling't off when he puts on the halter.

*Vpon two Ladies.*

*Epigram 68.*

**T**Wo Citie Ladies pendants of the Court,  
Where late I liu'd, did commonly resort;  
And in the garden one day as they walked,  
Thus gathering flowers each to eicher talked:  
What liues (good Lord) these Country creatures lead?  
O're one of vs within the Citie bred?  
What dainty flowers, what arbors, walks, and trees,  
Poore soules they haue, and looke where stand the bees!  
Goodnesse a moe, see Madam where Thrift grows,  
My Sweet-hart loues not it shold touch his nose;  
And by my patience, quoth the other, I  
As ill abide this scurvy Honesty,  
It beares no flower, nor carries any smell,  
Yet Country Ladies wear't and like it well.

**Epigram.**

**To my Reader.**

**Epigram 69.**

**MY** Person is another as I list,  
I now but act the Epigrammatist.

To my towardly and hopefull Scholer Mai-  
ster *Edward Chamberlaine of Barnham*  
*Brome.*

**Epigram 70.**

**N**ED, neuer looke againe those daies to see, (me,  
Thou liud'st, when thou appliedst thy booke with  
What true affection bare we each to either,  
How often walking in the fields together,  
Hane I in Latin giu'n the names to thee, (tree,  
Of this wild Flower, that Bent, this blossom'd  
This speckled Flie, that Hearb, this water rush.  
This worrne, or weed, the Bird on yonder bush?  
How often when yee haue beene ask'd a play,  
With voices vials haue we pass'd the day,  
Now entertaining those weak<sup>e</sup> aires of mine,  
Anon the deepe delicious Transalpine,  
Another while with pencill or with pen, (then  
Hane limnd or drawn our friends portraies, &  
Commixing many colours into one,  
Hane imitated some carnation,  
Strange field-found flower, or a rare scene flie,  
A curious land-schap or a clouded sky?

*Epigram 70.*

Then haply wearie of all these would goe,  
Vnto that<sup>ee</sup> Poeme I haue labourd for:  
Thus past our leasureable hower away;  
And yee did learne euen in the midst of play.

\* A set of 4 and 5 partes of the Authors ready for  
the presse.

<sup>ee</sup> A second volume of Emblemes, done into Latin  
verse with their pictures.

*Vpon Cowar.*

*Epigram 71.*

**O**ld Cowar putting on glasse eie, (mine;  
Bids Traeger his man to reach this booke of  
And by the fire in his wicker chaire,  
(One foote vpon the tongues) me think I heare  
Him cough, & say, this Author hath some wit,  
Pitty hee made no better vse of it.

*Vpon Sir Acolastus.*

*Epigram 72.*

**H**odge art awake, what shall we do to day,  
To cardes, go drunke, or else go see a play?  
Not I Goddamme, I was last night drunke,  
Rogue hold yee this key, & from my truncke,  
Go fetch me out my sauen Sute de Roy,  
My Mistres bracelet, and de yee beare me boy,  
A light, a pipe, and some Tobacco vp,  
With ale, a toft, a nut-meg, and a cup.

*Epigram.*

Let *Patricke* saddle chest-nut, and bid *May*,  
Prouide's a dish of butter and an egge.  
Thus like a mil-horse *Aclestus* treads  
The selfe same circle, and this life he leades,  
Saue when he heares perhaps the sermon bell,  
Hce keeps his bed, and that day is not well.

*Vpon my selfe.*

*Epigram 73.*

M

Looke how a *Citie* Tailor when he makes  
A iouiall summer iourney to his mind,  
In euery Towne will call for ale and cakes,  
His wife set smiling in her coach behind,  
Rapt with delight to see the pride of *May*,  
The frisking lamber, & green geese by the way.

So now this Spring my merry Muse and I,  
Must walke the world abroad & rake the aire,  
Who at our worke all Winter close did ly,  
And our decayed spirits go repaire.

Then Enuy nont our Mirth vpon the way,  
For once a yeare, *Apoll* laughs they say.

*Vpon Mildred.*

*Epigram 74.*

Mildred my Ladie Too-good: chambermaid,  
Hath now her wages by her Maister paid,  
Not quarterly, but druely once a yeare,  
And in a purse as bigge as she can beare.

*Epigram.*

*Vpon Mend-Shee.*

*Epigram 76.*

**M**end-Shee did wade so deepe to dig for rootes,  
At last he ran himselfe quite o're the bootes.

*Vpon Sir Simon Harpax.*

*Epigram 77.*

**S**ir Harpax when a Benefice doth fall,  
Enquires about for him that will giue most;  
For merit mooues him not a whit at all,  
But must without it emptie kisse the post.  
Yet if he feele some farmer gin to bite,  
For's late commenced soane, he tells him that,  
His many yeares true seruice to requite,  
He hath bestow'd the Graunt vpon his man;  
Who to him goes, agrees & takes the gold,  
To's Maister vse, when without more ado  
Returning it, and by Sir Harpax told,  
He pockets vp perhaps a peece or two:  
Hence Harpax sweares, among his other shifts,  
He none preferres but men of passing gifts.

*Epigram.*

*Vpon Crab.*

*Epigram 78.*

**C**rab being caught, and in the Sergeants power,  
For shame and anger look'd both red and fower.

*To Maister Iohn Browne of Spoker in  
Tacomston.*

*Epigram 79.*

**I**Told you, though you have the world at wil,  
To happines there somewhat wanteth still,  
Which is not (as you haue) to haue a wife,  
Thar's young and passing faire, to leade a life  
Without disturbe, to haue a perfect health,  
Abound in charges and vnpurchas'd wealth;  
These are without one, and vnto a mind,  
Soule-sick, skil-poore, or with ambition blind,  
Conferre no more vnto it's ease; say I,  
Then do rich curtaines and a Canopie,  
With pearle and gold embroyder'd all about,  
Vnto my Lord who lies vpon the goate (kind,  
Though much content herefrom a man may  
Who can denie) the fountaine is the mind,  
Whence must the soft and silver streame arise,  
To fence as well as feede our Paradise.  
Then as yee would some goodly fabrick reare,  
Lay your foundation sure, the heauently farr,

# Epigrams. 13

And pure religion, hereon let be pight,  
 Your lues strong frame that's honest and upright,  
 Make choise (as studdes) of trusty friends that will  
 Like heart of oke, not shrinke for good or ill,  
 Not the rude rout who onely frendship measure  
 As they get by you, and one does them pleasure,  
 Of frendship, these the base subsistence be,  
 And surter of all ingenuitie, (10p,  
 These are the pies that on your pearre-tree  
 But build to eate the fruite in *glamour* vp,  
 Or these double d throated fayer, you find,  
 To eate your cherries, leaue the stones behind  
 Or haply fill'd their bellies from the tree,  
 Bersay the bow, and so away they flie.  
 I then aduise you for to make your light,  
 Behind experience & a fore *fore-seer*, *uerd* lay  
 Sith none knowes what may fall, close co-  
 Yp *saure* to withstand a rainy day.  
 Let *arts*, good *pastat*, a conscience cleere of sin,  
 Bee your best *pride* and *haufibald* stasse within,  
 Then lest the circle in your center rest,  
 And hold your selfe above a monarch blest.

Vpon my selfe.

Epigram 80.

I thinke the place that gaue me first my birth,  
 The graine had of epigram and mirth,  
 There famous *Moor* did his *Prospia* wright,  
 And thence came *Hippocle* Epigrams to light.



*Epigram.*

And then this breath I drew, wherewith (our owne)  
These shaken leaues about the world are blowne.

\* *Newbminnes* in *Hertfordshire* neere to *Saint Albanes*.

*Vpon Grantorto.*

*Epigram. 81.*

**T**He morrow after iust, *Saint Georgis* day,  
*Grantorto* pious drunke, lay in a ditch,  
His handes by's side, his gelding straid away,  
His scarlet hose, and doublet very rich,  
With mudden and mire all heauiy raid, and by  
His feather huge & broad brimm'd hat did ly.

We ask'd the reason of his sitting there,  
Zounds cause I am King *Salomon* (quoth hee)  
And in my throne, when for the love we beare,  
Replied my selfe, vnto your Maiestie, (grace  
Wee'le pull you out, & henceforth with your  
Would speak your prouerbs in a warmer place.

*Vpon*

**Epigram 81:**

**Vpon Danne:**

**Epigram 82:**

**I** Danne ask'd as we at supper sate,  
How long he had liu'd in the married state;  
Sir, iust (quoth Danne) with my wife I met,  
In the great plague time, I remember yet,  
And fighting, as he would haue burst in twaine,  
Said, now almost the thirtieth of her taine.

**To R.H. my iociall host at Fresh.**

**Epigram 83:**

**I** With old Rabis that we had thee heere,  
To lie a little with Sir Roficere,  
He swears the Persian summers are so white,  
That while he drank, the Sun did melt the pot;  
Thou swear'st, in Russia that it freezeth so,  
That men with sneezing, off their noses throw.  
He sayes that one day in a skirmish hot,  
On's rapier point he tooke the flying shot.  
Thou toldst me how an Irishman was slain,  
Shot through the braines, & after seru'd again.  
He vo'wd that mans flesh was his only meate  
In Rome, and neither bread nor salt could get;

*Epigram 82.*

And thou reportedst, how at Remingham,  
A leaguer was, and thou therein the same,  
Where th' horse dranke vp so dry a running flood,  
That some were choak'd with fishes in the mud.  
He saies the *Monger* mus'd how England can,  
As was himselfe afford so braue a man.  
Thou in all townes throughout the *Netherland*,  
Swearest thou hast swordes lie prest at thy command.  
Thus at the *Truth* yee much at one do roame,  
Saue thou liest neerer, farther hce from home.

*Vpon Rinaldo and Reiner.*

*Epigram 83.*

**R***inaldo* meeting *Reiner* in the streete,  
Despe in his debate thus doth *Reiner* greeke,  
You know some money is betwixt vs two,  
That welny now thele ten yeares hath beene due.  
Quoth *Reiner*, looking downe vnto his feete,  
I faith and we will part it, if I see't,  
But as I liue *Rinaldo* I find none,  
As faine as you, I would you had your owne.

*Vpon Saburro.*

*Epigram 84.*

**S***aburro* now hath sold both house and lands,  
Exceeding much vpon his gentry stands,  
Auerring how his Ancestrie and name,  
From *Normandie* in with the conquest came.  
*Saburro* should thy gentries plea stand good,  
Then rag and rag might be of gentle blood.

*Epigram*

*Vpon Mile.*

*Epigram 86.*

**M**ile beleeveth and hath a wager laid,  
The world will end within these fourteene yeare,  
By whom or where the mony shall be paid,  
But if he winnes is *Mile's* onely feare.

To my ingenious pupill, and most honest  
attorney Maister *Iohn Cock*, of  
*Desham.*

*Epigram 87.*

**I**f *Reason* be the soule of *law*, I faine  
In this point (pupill) would resolved bee,  
How is it that a statute doth maintaine,  
That when the *law* defines the contrarie,  
Yet *reason* though far stronger, must giue place;  
And *law* against *reason* carry cleare the case.

To my very friend Maister *Thomas*  
*Angus.*

*Epigram 88.*

**V**vhether friends I bid you to my feast,  
Though coming late, yet are you not the least.  
*Vpon*

*Epigrams.*

*Vpon Lodronic.*

*Epigram 29.*

**L**odronic like a huge *Wesphaly* swine, (doores,  
Lies close and neuer stirres without his  
Feedes of the best, drinks sack and claret wine,  
And at commandment hath his lease of whores,  
That death this hog would stick, the parrish pray,  
For to his hand hee's soundly sing'd they say.

*Vpon Rambo.*

*Epigram 30.*

**R**ambo doth banne, chafe, deeply curse and sweare,  
And vowes reneng'd o'th parish for to bee,  
For that his name's not in their Register,  
Which he so soone a lounrey rooke to see,  
(Not that he is to take vp any landes,  
And one and twentie, that lost labour were,  
But of his last abode to bring some hands,  
To saue him from a burning through the eare)  
That for it now he must be faine to looke,  
In *Newgate* or the Poultry Counter booke.

*Vpon Rasco.*

*Epigram 31.*

**R**asco to *London* hauing brought his sonne,  
To bind him prentise, asked of the lad,

*Epigram 90.*

What trade best lik'd him, for he must take one,  
And onely stick to that he chosen had:  
Then father, if vnto an Alderman,  
For seven yeares I were bound, I did not care,  
So after I my time had seru'd (quoth Iohn)  
I might be sure for to be Lord Maior.

*Vpon Augustus Caesar.*

*Epigram 91.*

*A* *Pythagoras* hearing how a Roman knight,  
Whose goods could not pay halfe his debts, was dead,  
Yet liuing slept at quiet every night,  
Sent to his house and needes would buy his bed,  
Believing sure it had some virtue rare,  
That in his case could keep a man from care.

*Of a Spaniard and a Hollander.*

*Epigram 92.*

*A* *Hollander* and a *Spaniard* one day met,  
Within their Inne, and downe to dinner set,  
Each did begin his country to commend,  
And reckon vp the riches it did lend.  
What say you (quoth the *Spaniard*) to our land,  
Where (taking vp an Orange in his hand)  
These golden apples thence a yeare do grow,  
As faire as those *Hesperides* in thow,  
Or they which winckle *Atalanta* staid,  
Or which *Pan* gave to the *Cyprian* maid?

*Epigram 93.*

Now on a Holland cheese by, claps his hand;  
And in the honor of his Belgick land,  
Replies, And what can you to Holland say,  
Of cheese that yeelds vs thousands \* thrice a day?

\* For in Holland as oft as they milke they make their  
cheese, which is thrice a day.

*To Sir William Onckell*

*Epigram 94.*

As *Tartarus* when his head was only seen,  
The Tire-house doore and Tapistrie betweene,  
Set all the multitude in such a laughter,  
They could not hold for scarce an houre after,  
So (Sir) I set you (as I promi'd) forth,  
That all the world may wonder at your worth.

*Vpon Albinus.*

*Epigram 95.*

*Albinus* much the other day did blame;  
*Neates-foot* his man for haunting common whoores,  
And somewhere wish'd him get a wife for shame,  
Or else next quarter get him out of doores.  
A wife (quoth *Neates-foot*) neuer while I breath,  
I got one lately, but within this hile,  
When as I thought to die no other death,  
For inſt her husband took vs in the while.

**Upon Methusar.**

*Epigram 96.*

**M**ethusar asked me why I called him so,  
I answered made, because he lov'd the pot,  
For while Methusar basks in wish it,  
The foole I me fore's as baskie with his wit.

*Impresa 1.*

**To Master William Bard, the glory of our  
Nation for Musique.**

*Epigram 97.*

**A** Swan for dying, singing, and the word  
In golden letters, *Never* such a bird.

**To my La. M.**

*Epigram 98.*

**A** Scepter Lays yours within your fist,  
Yours not plaine english, *I do what I list.*

**To Master Doctor Dawland.**

*Epigram 99.*

**Y**our word, *His* is the beame beneath,  
A *Penice* Lays within a laurell wreath.



To my true friend Maister William Frost  
lately gone for Ireland.

Epigram 100.

A Flock of Field-fares, chine, vpon the coast,  
Taking their leaues, and by them, Fare-well Frost.

To honest Rafe,

Epigram 101.

AN embleme, Rafe, thou didst request of me,  
A cudgell lying in an apple tree,  
Be thine, and since, thou art the Goule, I heare  
Thy Po'lic, I am lodged for this yeare.

Epigram 102.

WHY do Sir Iohn, Sir Henry, and Sir Hugh,  
All winter long themselves like cuckowes hide,  
Within good Townes, and fellows euer in view,  
Saue euery halfe yeare when their rents are paid?  
I do imagine (though but my presumption)  
They lie at Physick for the Purse consumption.

To the Ingenious and excellent in Poesie  
Maister Thomas Smith.

Epigram 103.

MY noble Thomas, I do maruaile much,  
How thy braue Muse did find her selfe employ'd

*Epigram.*  
In *Norwich* spun the lerey with the Dutch,  
Or lost she ought, and so there had it end?  
May be, she look'd for something in the waggon,  
Or wish'd to make a speech before the dragon.

To my euer loued Scholler Maister *Hammond*  
*and Claxton.*

*Epigram 104.*

**I** Prichy *Hammond* do thy labour spare,  
To aske me what I lacke, as I do passe  
Your shop in Cheape, with fir, Heere lastens are,  
Good three pil'd veluets, taffetas, gold laces:  
But let me *Hammond* go in quiet by,  
For thou knowst what I lacke as well as I.

Vpon *Derinda.*

*Epigram 105.*

**T**He faire *Derinda* dressed cap a pie  
In state, resembles *Cambridge Trinitie*,  
Her, her all turrett, and of wondrous cunning,  
Her back-side broad, and front full faire in shew,  
Onely her teeth stand like old rotten Row.

Vpon Sir *Dolphin.*

*Epigram 106.*

**S**ir *Dolphin* can endure no disgrace,  
And present death 'tis to giue him the lie,

*Epigram*

Yet is he drunke in every ale-house base,  
In Tapsters, Whoores, and Tinkers companie;

*Vpon Sir Grasses.*

*Epigram 107.*

**W**Hile grim *God-damnes*, at my Ladies table,  
Chewing the cudde of vengeance still did sit,  
And (lately bastinado'd) was not able,  
For melancholy to digest a bit,  
But tearing heauen with feareful oathes did threate,  
The Beth of that base slau't must be his meate;  
And would haue sayd, *A dagger he should bite,*  
Mistaking swore, *A dagger he would bite.*

A Lattin distich which a Frier of *Sbertagen Basch* in  
*Erabaut* wrote in my Greeke Testament, while I was  
basie perusing some bookes in their Library, intituled,

*Ad Angliam vestram.*

*Epigram 108.*

**A**ngelus indiderat, dicitur, ante Angliam, *Angliam*,  
*Spirituum* siquis *Lucifer* ille fuit.

Thus in English.

Say England, did an Angell christen thee?  
If any, surely *Lucifer* was he.

His back being turn'd, I left this behind me, in the  
first printed page of a faire *Arias Montanus* bible, to re-  
quire him.

**Epigram**

**Ad Sylva Ducis.**

**Epigram 109.**

**D**icere Sylva Ducis est fasso nomine Sylva  
Cum careas, sterilis flagret et omnis ager?  
Faller, quia datus habet mutatur ad usus,  
In Arcanum super quam siquis uisus ait.

Which is in English,

Why false be art thou call'd the Duke's wood, when  
Thou hast no woods, and all thy foildes are fenner?  
Thy Trees (I ghesse) he wou'd to fainted stocks,  
And begging Friens have robb'd thee of thy blocks.

**Vpon Ella.**

**Epigram 110.**

**F**rom Norwich e're since Ella had his wife,  
He neuer led one minute quiet life,  
For if but stepper with friends to drinke, he swears  
She coming beates the poas about his eares,  
Or if the Hostesse in his presence be,  
Downe go the windowes, and yee rogue, saies she,  
Faith haue I found your haunt, what close with her,  
Directly home ye e soule road bellied curre!  
Haue patience Ella, who knew euer yet,  
But that a piece of Norwich stiffe would fret?

**Epigram**

**I** One thing *Cariat* like, when I was oer,  
 Obscu'd in *Andwerp*, *Arnhem*, and *Scarbeury*  
 Among the Dutch, which was they write about,  
 Inne doores, the name (as every man did loue)  
 Of severall beeres within the house they haue,  
 As *Bremers*, *Wesaps*, *Andwerps*, and the *Granc*,  
 With *Delfts*, *Breda's*, *Labbs*, *Bogarts*, *Englsh*, and  
 As many sorts as Cities in the land.  
 Yet though the beere of sundry natures be,  
 In their being drunke no difference did I see.

Vpon *Apodemus*.

Epigram 1113

**G**reat *Apodemus* surely much hath seene,  
 Since in all landes he vnder heauen hath beene,  
 And can of each as readily relate,  
 Their liuing lawes, their boundes, their wealth and state,  
 As if in twice twelue houres he had gone,  
 With *Sol* the worlds boundes in procession.  
*Arabia* much he praiseth for her smell,  
*Persis* for filkes, her gemmes and pearly shells;  
 For poore and barren then he doth condemne,  
 The land of *Iury* with *Misusalem*,  
*Virginia*, he likes not, cause their aire is feggy,  
*Swede's* rich in siluer, *Hungary* in gold,  
*England* is temp'rate, *Muscawit's* too cold,  
 But since the pox some few daies since he got,  
 He neuer tels how *France* he found too hot.

Vpon Saint *Maries* steeple.

Epigram 113.

Saint *Maries* steeple's vp and ready soone,  
But *Pauke*'tis thought will lie abed till noone?

Vpon *Oenopolis*.

Epigram 114.

Erewhile there was in *Nigeri* streame (I read)  
A lewell found of price inualued,  
For *Nature* this, one rude and massy stone,  
Had cemented of euery pretious one,  
To shew her skill or make some finder, poore  
For wealth, to equall the greate Emperour:  
The Diamond disdaining borrowed light,  
Was heere ioyn'd with the golden *Chrysolite*,  
The Iacynth mixed with the *Saubyre* blew,  
The *Topaze* Rubie with his fiery hew:  
More *Opals* *Emeralds* of glassy Greene,  
The *Sardonyx* with *Nigeri* *Pearles* were scene?  
I neuer saw this wonder, but suppose,  
It much resembled *Oenopolis*'s nose.

Vpon *Furnus*.

Epigram 115.

Was (ith gale) commend the dayes of old,  
And these same times, our Poets say, were gold,

*Epigram.*

His face vpbraiding which did giue him birth,  
In this worst age of iron, when from earth,  
*Astrea's* fled (his) valour wants regard,  
Religion practise, learning her reward,  
An iron age indeed that *Furno* feels,  
When iron houely followes him as heeles!

Vpon a Duch Boore, and his answer to  
*Charles* the fift.

*Epigram 116.*

THE famous *Charles* when hauing lost his way,  
By *Hessens* Lantgraue *Maurier* hard pursu'd,  
And all a winters rainy night did stray,  
He knew not whither thorough thickets rude,  
He saw a light, the dwelling of a Boore,  
And thither rode and knocked at his doore.

And calling to him kenneld in his bed,  
In gentle wise did craue the time of night,  
Tis all by three, in charlish wise he sayd,  
The Emperour asking how he knew so right  
Without a clock, *Gots sackelaten*, how  
(Replied the Boore) *hakkellam*, will'd but now.

Vpon *Theorbo*.

*Epigram 117:*

THEorbo both in earnest and in sport,  
Must beare a part in euery company;  
And will be heard the loudest in consort,

*Vpon Taurus.*

*Epigram 118.*

Is true that *Taurus* late hath lost his wit?  
How can that be when neuer he had it?  
I could beleue it, had he fought a fray,  
And so perhaps his fingers cut away.

*Vpon Sir Tristram.*

*Epigram 119.*

See you *Sir Tristram* yonder on the stage,  
With the huge feather and his snout-faire page,  
A fearsfull neuer-tongue hanging by his side,  
With a Silken to his girdle tied,  
The very same whom *Draugh* prentise met,  
The other day and challeng'd for a debt  
Some nine years owing when *Sir Tristram* drew,  
And in his furle in the prentise flew,  
Who mildly crav'd a word within his eare,  
(For shame, said he, it is to quarrell heere)  
And he himselfe they might but next day meete,  
In *Finsbury*, where he his debt should quit  
By payment, or be liable to it.  
Now agreed, next morrow both gone out,  
Now downe, and ready for to haue about,  
How long to fence, now *Tristram*, hast thou gone,  
Longer than quick prentise twenty now and one,



Epigram 130.

My sword, say I, I please, have I practise'd;  
Then heere see fellow, it may not be sayd,  
I euer wrong'd thee (for by all the Gods,  
A gentleman I am, and scorne the oddes.)  
Go foure score yeares yet longer to thy fence,  
I'le meete thee heere againe two seuen yeares hence,  
On equall termes, and then God-damne thee fight,  
And by this hand I do thee any right.

Epigram 131.

Start at Leydes barb commens'd, they say,  
And come a leaden Doctor thence away.

To my very worthy and honest friend Maister  
*Robert Constable of Hingham*, high  
Constable of the hundred  
of *Farnham*.

Epigram 132.

As pretious wares we see are often wrapt  
In papers small, so fayre is with me now,  
Who in these leaues my dearest loue haue lap't  
And sent it as a token vnto you,  
Who of a *Constable* deserves to be,  
A lustice for your braine and honestie.

Epigram 133.

Great *Bombes* heire, whose golden suite and face  
Shew like a *Citernie* in goulded case,

Epigram 112.  
When I shall see thee riding on the way,  
And thou shalt wonder what for the wench play;  
Thou wilt see on him still for to be gone,  
For that the clock had newly stricken one,  
And thou wilt see your wench (quoth he) not serve you then;  
For my wench and she is back to read  
For ever day enough, and by this light,  
I will be by thee yet for my mile to night.

Epigram 113.

Thou art *Seneca*, that in these my times,  
Thou take no person, but the common crimes.

Vpon *Nellamur*.

Epigram 114.

*Nellamur* who was went from place to place,  
To loose it by his *Mistress* paddings side,  
He dead, his *Mistress* he'd so well his pace,  
He now is safe doth in the saddle ride.

Vpon *Andrade*.

Epigram 115.

*No* fashioned fish or feather now a daies,  
Will be' *honor* of our City please,  
But neither of them are *Andrade's* care,  
Who onely thinks how he may come by haire.

Epigram 116.

*Andrade's* his *Impresa*.

Our *Andrade* will with palms a willow be,  
For he will be on the tree.

Epigram

NO dull conceits, no leſt that's poore and low;  
 No halting ſeete, or termes that be obſcure,  
 Come neere my verſe theſe graces I reſigne,  
 To *Cheritas* and ſoule mouth'd *Artian*:  
 For as my mind is merry, honeſt, free  
 It's image, ſo my veine and verſe be.

FFNS.